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FOR TROUBLE-BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not release it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not willing to furnish the wings
To so easily striding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
When one's woe is whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The glow and the curve and the heartache can ease.

Resolved to be merry,
All weary to weary,
At crowd's (faded) words that bid to forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel like much that's worth living for yet.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

GRAY MAN OF THE FOREST.

A POLISH CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

There was once a poor Polish widow who was so destitute when Christmas drew near that she had nothing in the house with which to still the pressing hunger of her children, who had not tasted food for over twelve hours—much less to provide presents and surprises for them, such as other children of their acquaintance were to enjoy.

While the children were sitting in a corner crying, the mother knelt down and prayed: "Oh dear and merciful God! have pity upon me in my distress. Up to the present time I have been able to provide one of the children of Thy dear Son they must suffer hunger, go to bed suppers and rise without breakfast."

The children seeing the despair of their mother and having overheard her prayer, said:

"Dear mother, please don't cry; we will go to the forest near by, and cut down a small evergreen. And if we cannot light up as our neighbors do, we shall be able at least to look at it, and to-morrow those who pass by, when they shall see it through the window, will think we had as good a time as they did. And who knows but in our search we may find something or other whereby we may be able to still your hunger and ours?"

The mother consented and the three, a brother and two sisters, started out, the girl taking a hatchet, one sister a saw and the other a basket. When out in the air they had to run to keep warm, for the cold was intense and the road covered with fresh fallen snow. On reaching the forest the trees glistened as though hung with diamonds, and in their great beauty the children forgot all about their hunger and cold. Each was eager to find the best evergreen tree. When they found one they thought looked nice, it was too large; others were too small and so they got deeper and deeper into the vast timber.

"At last," cried the brother, whose name was Bogumil (which means "Beloved by God"), "I think I have found the right one," and taking the hatchet he was about to strike a blow, when a strong, gruff voice called out to him, "Boy, boy! what are you going to do?"

"Boy, boy! I dropped the hatchet and timidly replied: 'Surely there can be no harm if I cut down a small evergreen for a Christmas tree, there are plenty more in this forest. We have nothing to hang upon it or to adorn it, but it is the best we can do to celebrate the day.'"

"Beware how you cut down trees which do not belong to you without first asking permission from the owner. If you are going to celebrate Christmas you must be Christian children; and if so, you ought to know the ten commandments, the eighth of which says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Cutting down trees or taking anything, no matter how small, that does not belong to you is stealing."

At this a gray-haired but strong man was noticed by the children; he was tall, long coat and high boots were all of fur and covered with snow, and he continued talking to them, although they huddled together in fear.

"No one has a moral right, not even the owner of a forest, to cut down trees without planting others to replace them, otherwise there would be a scarcity of rain, and a drought is not good for poor people. But never mind, the evergreens will not run away; help me to do it, and I will see that you have a nice tree; the day is short and I have plenty to do. What say you? Are you willing to work a little while in order to have the work rightfully, or would you rather wait and let me do it? I have gone out of sight, and there is no one to molest you?"

"Oh!" they all cried, "we would rather work for it and come by it honestly," and Bogumil added, "If taking a thing even in the open air without permission is stealing, then I would rather go without."

"Well, then, my children, come on!" The little ones in the excitement of the moment followed the gray-headed stranger's long strides cheerily. When they had proceeded a short distance they noticed a large pile of evergreens already cut down, upon which their new-found friend threw several more, which he from time to time broke off at the roots and carried in his strong arms. The children, to please their fun-filled guide, shook the snow from the branches and limbs, so that not a single speck of the evergreen's winter clothing was visible but all was green. As each tree assumed its natural appearance he took from his fur coat large golden apples and nuts, also small wax-candles and tapers of different colors which he placed in his long bag.

When he was through he sat down on a stump and asked one of the girls: "Do

you look forward to Christmas eve? and do you, like all good Christian children, rejoice at the coming of the holy day? Would you share, if you had many nice presents given to you, with children that did not have them? or would you be selfish, like many children of the rich and their parents, who only think of their pleasures?"

"Oh, no," all three cried as with one voice. "We would give the larger half to those who had nothing, or less than ourselves. Mother always taught us that the infant Jesus came into the world to teach mankind to be good and to be cheerful, and to be cheerful to the poor, and in order to be misers of his flock, we must do likewise, no matter how poor our own lot may be."

Bogumil, however, cried: "I began to feel weak, having worked very hard, and so I am going to the evergreen pangs of hunger."

"That, son-of-a-bitch," the infant Jesus does not seem to care for us poor folks, for if he did he would not let us suffer so."

At this the old gray-beard made a very grim face, which frightened them all, especially Bogumil, who at once said:

"Yet I must not murmur. We will have a Christmas tree such as we deserve. It will not be laden with presents, for poor mother is not able to give us anything this year, as she has been bereft of it."

"Don't be alarmed, my little man, the infant Jesus will not forget you—yet if you continue to complain, he may send you other things a bird's nest to punish such children, who think that Jesus will forget them," and he was heard by Bogumil and his sisters to utter to himself:

"Who has ever heard that Christ is neglectful of the deserving poor? Why, then, does he delight most in bringing into their homes his beautiful rays of sunshine and hope?"

The children looked more cheerful, wiping away their tears, when the old man arose, and they followed him as he shouldered his long bag, after having opened the mouth of it and filled it so that it seemed as if it could hold no more. After a little while when they came to a road the old stranger with a smile said:

"Now, dear children, here is the road which will take you to your village and home. Come give me each a kiss and shake hands with me as we part, for I must go in another direction. Here take each of you a girl's sugar doll, and you, my boy, take this bag, from which you can learn to be a wise man. If you study it, and in a few years will be able to support your mother and sisters. Don't open it till to-morrow morning. We will see each other again, and I want you to remember me, for it is not every boy and girl who has the good fortune to see me in such a good humor. I am known to the bad boys and girls as Borna, or the bad man, who takes them away in his large bag, and to the good children as Szwinty Nikolaj."

Upon this he turned and walked away, and it seemed to the children when they looked after him that he had on magic boots, for every step was a mile long.

When he had entirely gone out of sight the girls looked at their sugar dolls and they represented beautiful angels, with wings on their shoulders.

"You must keep them," said Bogumil, "for it would be a pity to eat them, although we are so hungry, as they will keep very nice on yonder evergreen which Szwinty Nikolaj waked at me I might take."

Upon which they shook the snow from the tree and Bogumil shouldering it, they walked slowly to their homes which they reached shivering with the cold and hunger, as well as much fatigued.

When their mother saw them they told her what had happened to them. Upon which she replied: "Nonsense, it must have been some forester who made fun of you, it could not have been Szwinty Nikolaj. No one has ever seen him. Here, my darling, whilst you were gone I found in the collar three turnips; I did not know that they were left over from the last time we had them for dinner, it is all I can give you; it will still your hunger for a little while. I will go to the village and see if I cannot earn something. Do not be afraid if it should be very dark while I am away and let me know when you both look and bolt the door. But be good and pray to God and the infant Jesus that I may bring back something whereof we may all be happy at least to-night and to-morrow."

In spite of the snow-storm, which at that time came on heavily, the mother went into the village. In her absence the children put up in the best way they were able the Christmas tree, although they knew that they had nothing with which to adorn it except the two sugar dolls, nor had they any candles to place upon it. Yet they felt happy that they were not to be without something. All three children were in great glee when they saw it standing erect with its limbs extending in all directions, for it had cost them considerable labor. As evening came on they placed themselves at the window to enjoy as long as they could the last ray of day, for there was nothing in the house which could lighten the darkness of the approaching evening and night, they enjoyed also the falling of the snow which now came in large flakes. Bogumil said to his sisters that they ought to be thankful that in their great poverty they had at least a roof over their head, and were not compelled to wander about in the snow, as he had heard that a poor widow and her babe died only a few days ago, not having even a home to shelter them.

The youngest of the children wished only to have had the pleasure to go with her mother to the village to be able to look in the windows of the stores and houses and to see the decorations and nice Christmas gifts. "Not that I want to have them," she said, "for I am satisfied with our own, but only to enjoy the sight, and to see how happy other children may be when the candles are all

burning and the tree laden with presents."

"Oh," said Bogumil, "it must certainly be beautiful to see home after home all illuminated and every face happy. If we could have our lot up, it could even fancy that I saw the infant Jesus in the arms of his mother beside the manger, Joseph the carpenter standing by, and the three wise men from the East bowing down—just such a picture as I have often seen in paper's Bible."

One of the girls, the eldest, with tears in her eyes, said, "Yes, if papa were alive now we too would have our home illuminated like the rest of the village people and we would have just as many nice presents as other children."

Upon the mention of their father, Bogumil and the younger sister began to cry, but the brother quickly wiped away his tears, saying:

"I know what I'll do—I have not been idle of late, but have carved several small pieces of wood into toys, representing both animals and plants, and laid them away. I need not be ashamed of my workmanship. I, too, will go into the village and see if I cannot find a purchaser, and should I succeed there I'll bring home a lot of wax candles and place them upon the tree; and also I'll get something nice for mother and you to eat."

As Bogumil was about to open the door and his sisters turned to beg of him not to leave them alone, they saw suddenly a peculiar ray of light stream through the window into the room. It was of such a strength that the children knelt down on the floor from fright, and when they looked up they could not speak from amazement, for the two sugar dolls, which were given to them in the forest stepped down from the tree and walked about the room. Their wings were stretched out wide and the little golden bells on their shoulders kept on ringing. Presently they began to place many candles all about the tree, some of which were very beautiful, representing flowers, birds and other nice things, and which were burning brightly.

While all three were silent with fear, awe and delight, one of the sugar dolls which had suddenly been transformed into an angel went to the door and opened it. The children plainly heard the running of sleigh bells and footsteps, and when they dared to look they saw their old friend of the forest, who had told them he was Szwinty Nikolaj. He wore the same fur cap and coat, but his bag seemed to be ever so much larger. He set the bag upon the floor, and said:

"Little simpletons, why did you bolt your door? Were you afraid that Borna would come and take you? As if I could not open all the doors in Christendom should I so desire, ha, ha, ha!" he said, laughingly.

Upon which he opened the bag and took out over so many things. It seemed to the little ones that Szwinty Nikolaj must have stood under the window listening, for he placed upon the tree just the very things they had wished they could see others enjoy, though they might not be able to have them themselves.

And from very delight they could hardly breathe. They did not know whether the things belonged to them to keep or were only placed there for them to look at, for they did not dare to ask good Szwinty Nikolaj, although his face was so beautiful and pleasant, but remained as still as mice.

Soon, however, soft steps were heard, "Oh! here is dear mother, let us go and meet her!"

As they were about to go another wonderful sight met their eyes. They sank to the ground in terror, for in place of their mother there stood the Virgin Mary bearing in her arms the infant Jesus, his face full of smiles, while the right hand was extended to bless them; in his left was a crowned scepter with a cross above it, and over his head was a halo, the light of which was a thousand fold stronger than that of all the candles of the illuminated Christmas tree, and when Jesus again smiled at them, and as it seemed was about to open his lips, they in unison softly whispered:

"Holy Jesus, we thank thee that thou didst come from heaven to bless the poor and needy widow and orphan."

When they tried to reach out their arms the vision and light gradually faded away, and when they again dared to look about the room, the angels, Szwinty Nikolaj and the strange light had vanished.

But the candles on the tree continued to burn as bright as ever, and also the many presents which Nikolaj had taken from his great bag remained, filling not only the room but the whole house from garret to cellar.

When finally the mother made her way homeward, empty-handed with a heavy heart to her children, she was filled with anguish and a trembling shiver took possession of her as she saw from the distance her house all illuminated knowing that there was nothing in the house to give light, she feared that in some way an accident had occurred and that the house had caught fire, and ran as fast as she could.

But when at home her fears and grief were turned to joy. She found her little brother dancing merrily, having stilled their hunger from the many good things that were to be seen all around them. After having enjoyed themselves to their heart's content, the mother placed them all in their beds, and gave them their customary good-night kiss. They all prayed, thanking the infant Jesus for his many blessings to them in their great hour of trouble.

On Christmas day after breakfast, Bogumil brought himself of the book which good Nikolaj had given him; it was very thick, and between each pair of leaves was a piece of money, which made the poor widow and orphan into the richest people in the land.

Now my young readers, does this story

meet your approbation? I hope it does, for after all it is not a mere fancy, but a grain of truth round which fiction is woven. For they who really try to follow the infant Jesus and to try to be like him, to them he will come in some way or other, in their hearts; and especially to the poor and needy, the widow and orphan, for he has not promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless? If you live after his commandments, darkness will turn into light and every sorrowing tear into a transparent pearl.

DRIVING OVER TORPEDOES.

Lewis E. Dawson, a Philadelphia policeman, claims the honor of having taken Gen. McClellan safely through, or rather over, one of the greatest dangers of his life. "It was the time the rebels evacuated Yorktown," said the policeman, "before the seven days' fight in the Peninsula. I was then driving McClellan's private ambulance, a sort of German wagon, that he had had fitted up for his own use. It would carry four persons comfortably, and I had a team of four splendid horses to draw it. Well, the rebels skipped out of Yorktown one Saturday night, but before they went they filled all the roads in and around the town with torpedoes—buried 'em under a thin crust of earth, you know, so that you couldn't see the blasted things till you stepped on 'em, and then after that you never saw anything else. The Sunday after the evacuation was a beautiful day, but that night it rained as it just knew how to rain down on the Peninsula, and the mud—well, it knew how to make mud, too. It was about a foot deep, I reckon, when I started on Monday morning from McClellan's headquarters, four miles out, to drive to Yorktown."

"There were four officers in the ambulance—Gen. McClellan, Col. Coburn, his chief of staff, Gen. Franklin, and Gen. Fitz John Porter. It was still raining, and the ambulance curtains were closed. We got along all right till we came to the entrance to the Yorktown fortifications, and there, right in the narrowest part of the way, was an ammunition wagon, broken down in the mud, and beside it was a stick planted in the mud, with a little red flag hanging from it. I knew what it was as soon as I saw it; the rain had washed the dirt off one of them bloody torpedoes, and the soldiers had found it and marked it; yet they weren't going to dig it up without positive orders."

"Well, I stopped my team and Gen. McClellan stuck his head through the curtains and looked about him. There were some soldiers standing around, and among them was a Lieutenant. 'Don't let our men take up any of these torpedoes. Make the prisoners do it.'"

"Then he looked at the wagon, and asked me: 'Do you think you can get past?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I guess I can, if I straddle that torpedo.'"

"Well," said he, 'go ahead. I expect we'll all be blown to thunder together.' Those were the very words he used. So I threw my long whip down between the horses to keep them apart as far as possible, and drove ahead, and we got into Yorktown without touching the torpedo."

"And what did McClellan say then?" "He never said a word. When we got into Yorktown he left the ambulance and went into a house, and presently he sent an orderly out to tell me to go back to headquarters. I had no sooner reached there than I received orders to turn around, return to Yorktown, and follow the army, so I had to drive over that blasted torpedo three times. I got kinder used to it at last and was ready to bet that I could do it every time."

Some Boston Women.

A well-dressed, fine-looking woman came into a Boston man-of-war-maker's one day, and, notwithstanding that other people were within hearing distance, borrowed \$25. "I'll tell you how to fix it," she said; "tuck \$10, somehow on to the bill for that last dress, distribute another \$10 upon the trimmings of the coat you're making now, and the other \$5 can be put on to some things I must have for the children. Make the whole bill look plausible, and keep it over a month longer. I'll make good the obligation at another time; but I must have the money, and my husband don't allow me enough any other way."

In a fruit shop another day the wife of the proprietor came in with a friend and asked her husband to hand the friend ten cents, with which she had supplied her to get a spoon of thread while out. He did so, and the wife walked off, evidently too well used to her penniless condition to see anything odd about it. Another day a woman of far lower social pretensions than the one first mentioned came into a milliner's store in a town in Maine, and, setting a handsome feather, asked the price. "Seven dollars," said the shopwoman. "Will you put it by for me for five weeks?" asked the purchaser. "I have but two dollars to pay on it now, but I like nice things, and you'll be sure to get the money, for my husband allows me a dollar a week!" she exclaimed, looking about with pride. The shopkeeper complied, and she left, smiling.

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed an Irish woman present, as the door closed upon her. "I've lived with the man that owns these things thirty years, and he's handed me his wages every Saturday night, and never axed me afterward what I did to do with 'em, 'ceptin' now and agin to ax me for a quarter for a glass or a smoke! Signify! I've never wasted his substance, and the same he's found out before this."—Boston Transcript.

It is the sure badge of a clown not to mind what pleases those he is with.

WOODMAN, SPARE THE TREE.

The Climate Value of Forests—Why They Should be Kept Intact.

(From the New York Herald.)

In a valuable paper before an agricultural meeting at Northampton, Mass., Prof. C. B. Sargent pointed out the vast loss to the country annually by forest fires. The strongest point in his paper was the permanent damage done by these fires—first, that they "destroy not only the growing wood, but the fertility of the soil itself." As this is the season of legislation it is timely to press on the necessity for avoiding such needless enactments to better secure the wooded forests to which they are every year exposed. In a recent article Professor Sargent takes the ground that "forests do not produce rain; rain produces the forests, and without a certain amount of rain they cannot exist." Rainfall may not be directly produced in large quantities by the condensation of atmospheric moisture caused by the cloud-chilling forest; but the indirect agency of the timbered land in augmenting the supply of rainfall which permeates the soil and becomes agriculturally beneficial is certainly very considerable. The addition of a single inch of rainfall to the amount which penetrates the soil instead of running off in an ever easy over twenty-two thousand five hundred gallons.

But there is another effect of forests which is generally overlooked even by scientists in discussing their physical importance. In historic times marked climatic changes have occurred in Europe and America which can be explained only by the progress of continental deforestation. The able British physicist, Admiral Smyth, in his work on the physical geography of the Mediterranean basin, clearly shows that great climatic changes have taken place. The effects of intense winter cold in Italy, Greece and Asia Minor, recorded by ancient writers, he notes, "have been in later ages unknown." In this country it is doubtful whether we will ever have as cold winters as that of 1780, when the Chesapeake Bay "was frozen solid," according to Mr. Jefferson, "from its head to the mouth of the Potomac," and Washington's troops securely crossed on solid ice from New Jersey to Staten Island. Making the allowance for historical inaccuracies it seems clear that while the cold spells of later years have been as intense as those of 1780 and 1856 their duration has not been so prolonged. Forests, of course, protect the soil from rapid melting, and thus prevent the cold, dry, frosty currents of the great "cold waves."

But they must also materially retard the passage of these "cold waves" and serve to detain them longer on the continent than would be the case were the soil cleared. The removal of the forests by the spread of civilization and conflagrations thus exposes the soil to increased fluctuations of abnormal cold and heat and enables the heavy masses of cold air to roll over it with greater velocity to the sea. We may congratulate ourselves on the latter effect of soil denudation, and it probably gives us winters of higher mean temperature than our ancestors had. But it is not probable future investigation will demonstrate that while we thus gain "winter" is reduced, and the agricultural seasons open with less disastrous droughts. It is seen that exceptionally mild winters like those of 1877-78, 1879-80 and 1881-82, have been marked with deficiencies of winter rainfall and by widespread droughts, with forest fires and army worm invasions in the succeeding spring months, the aridity sometimes extending far into summer. It is to be hoped, therefore, that during the coming winter the preservation of forests will be made a matter of more effective and intelligent legislation than has yet been devised.

THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.

For two hundred years France has been to possess Madagascar. Often foiled before, she has now gone about the work of preparing for annexation with a degree of earnestness which bodes ill for the independence of the island.

Madagascar is a very important island. It is larger than France itself, being 1,000 miles long and 350 miles broad. It has 2,000,000 inhabitants, and they are noted as being the only black people who show a capacity for progress. The Hovas have gradually become the dominant tribe, and among them Protestant missionaries, including several Americans, have met with gratifying success. The present Queen was baptized in 1869, and gave proof of the sincerity of her conversion by ordering all the idols burned. The richness of the natural products of the island make it a tempting prize for the Gallic freebooters. It is in just such quarters of the world that France can most profitably carry out the policy so ardently defended by M. Waddington of compensating herself in Africa and elsewhere for loss of power and territory in Europe. The *Republique Francaise* declares that France can never become a great colonial power. "Never shall we repair the unhappy loss of the Indies, of Canada, and that of Louisiana, which a Bonaparte said without even consulting his Corps Legislatif." But let us carefully preserve what we have got, enlarging our possessions if opportunity offers, as in Madagascar and Tonquin. But France administers conquest badly, and it is to be feared that neither the people of Madagascar nor herself will be benefited by this new enlargement of her possessions.

Loss of Life at Sea.

From the annual report of the Superintending Inspector-General of Steam Vessels, Mr. Dumond, there is obtained much interesting and instructive information regarding the loss of life and property through accident to that class of carriers. During the fiscal year the total number of accidents resulting in loss of life was: From direct collisions, 16; explosions, 15; fires, 7; "snags," wrecks, and sinking, 3, making a total of 41. The number of lives lost was: By explosions, 53; by fire, 60; by collisions, 34; by accidental drowning, 46; by miscellaneous casualties, 8; and by "snags," wrecks, and sinking, 6. The total number of persons carried during the year, including officers and crew, was 354,070,447, showing that the loss of life was only 1 to every 1,727,172 persons carried. During the year 1881, the previous to the enactment of the steamboat laws, of which those now in force are modifications, 39,000 passengers were carried and 700 lives lost, being 1 life in every 55,714 passengers carried. These figures are cited in proof of the excellence of the present system of inspecting steam vessels. That they show a marked improvement since 1861 is, of course, not to be denied, but they are very far from proving that the system is as perfect or the officers engaged under it as efficient and faithful as they should be.

Someone's Way of Beecher.

Someone's way of Beecher: "After working all these years to make people think as he thinks, Mr. Beecher suddenly discovers that he doesn't think so himself."

HOW HE TAMED THEM.

Martin's Way of Taming Ferocious Beasts.

(From the Baltimore News.)

A curious history, and one that sheds many gleams of light upon the character of beasts in the menagerie, is that of Henri Martin, the lion tamer, who died, ninety years old, quietly at his home "among his collections of butterflies and his books of botany." Martin, according to his own letters, began to cultivate his gift of control over animals in the days when he was connected with a circus, by acquiring an extraordinary power over horses, which he taught every trick known to the profession, and some of which have hardly been exactly paralleled. From this he went on to taming wild beasts, and soon after he had started business as part proprietor of a menagerie he had labored eight months in training a royal tiger and had taught a spotted hyena to pick up his gloves. He was never seen with a whip in his hand; but he crossed his arms and gave his animals the word of command to leap on and off his shoulders, and he considered his method infinitely superior to that of the trainers who go through their business chiefly by the terrorism of a heavy whip and a revolver. Their beasts obey them, but he said, "they are not tamed as mine were, and when one of them rebels you can judge the tragic result from the tragical end of Lucas."

One day Martin told his wife that he anticipated trouble with his lion Cubour, who was then in a dangerous state of excitement. She begged him to put off the performance, but he said: "No; if I should do it once I should have to do it every time the animals have caprices." The next night his foreboding was fulfilled. Instead of performing his part properly, Cubour crouched low and dug his talons into the stage, and his eyes flared. Martin had no weapon at command except a dagger in his belt—"I have said never a lion." Instead of obeying orders the lion leaped at Martin, and a commotion occurred, the course of which he took Martin up in his mouth and shook him in the air. Martin struck the animal over the nose for a second time, and then, feeling his strength exhausted, gave himself up for lost, and turned his back to the beast, so that at the next spring it might attack the back of his neck, and so "make an end of the business." "But two seconds passed—two seconds that seemed to me an eternity. I turned around. The lion's mood had changed. He looked at the audience; he looked at me. I gave the sign to go. He went away as if nothing had happened."

It was fourteen weeks before Martin could perform again, but then the lion worked as well as usual, and continued to do so for four years without any more caprices.

In taming one of his tigers Martin began by taking the brute's attention off the door of the cage, and then, armed with a dagger, went rapidly into the cage and stood looking at the tiger, which, for some minutes, lay motionless, staring at him. Then, feeling a shiver, and knowing that if the tiger saw it all would be over with him, he went swiftly out.

At the end of a fortnight he went again into the cage, and this time staying there half an hour. A third time he stayed the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. The fourth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The sixth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The seventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The eighth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The ninth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The tenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The eleventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The twelfth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The thirteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fourteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The sixteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. 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The forty-sixth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The forty-seventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The forty-eighth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The forty-ninth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fiftieth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-first time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-second time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-third time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-fourth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-fifth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-sixth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-seventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-eighth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifty-ninth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The sixtieth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. 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At the end of a fortnight he went again into the cage, and this time staying there half an hour. A third time he stayed the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. The fourth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The sixth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The seventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The eighth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The ninth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The tenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The eleventh time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The twelfth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The thirteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fourteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The fifteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. The sixteenth time he stayed the tiger a visit of half an hour. 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